

# The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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## Rosa Luxemburg To SONIA LIEBKNECHT

(Reprinted from "The Liberator")

(We are privileged to publish for the first time in English this rarely beautiful letter written by Rosa Luxemburg to the wife of Karl Liebknecht from the Breslau Prison, in December, 1917)

It is a year now that Karl lies in the Luckau. I have often thought of it this month. And exactly a year ago you were with me in Wronke, shared your beautiful Christmas tree with me.

It is my third Christmas in my cell, but don't take it tragically. I am as calm and joyous as ever. Last night I lay awake a long time. I can never sleep nowadays before one o'clock, but have to be in bed by ten, then dream all sorts of things in the darkness.

Last night, then, I thought how remarkable it is that I live always in a joyous intoxication without any particular reason. So, for instance, I lie here in the dark cell on a mattress hard as stone. About me in the building reigns the usual deadly stillness. One imagines one's self entombed. A high spot from the lantern which burns before the prison all night long, patterns itself on the ceiling. Now and then I hear the muffled vibration of a train passing in the distance, or, very near, beneath the window, the throaty cough of the guard as he takes half a dozen slow steps in his heavy boots to ease his aching legs. The sand crumles so hopelessly under this footfall, that the whole desolation and inescapability of existence ring through the damp, dark night.

So I lie alone, quietly, wrapped in the manifold black sheath of winter, the darkness, the boredom, the unfreedom of it, and yet my heart beats with an unknown, incomprehensible, inner joy, as though I walked through meadows in radiant sunlight. And in the darkness I lie smiling on life, as though I knew some secret charm which would give the lie to everything that is so sad and dreary, turning it into sheer radiance and joy. And all this time I search within me for the cause of this joy, find nothing, and have to smile again at myself. I believe the secret is nothing but life itself; the impenetrable darkness is as

beautifully smooth as velvet, if one will only see it rightly. And in the grinding of the wet sand under the slow, heavy footfall of the guard, there rises a wonderful song of life—if one only knows how to listen. In such moments I think of you, and wish I might share this magic key with you, so that you might always, and under all conditions, realize the beauty and the fullness of life, that you might live in the same intoxication, walking as through meadows. I do not mean to tempt you to asceticism and to imaginary joys. I welcome for you all real joys of the senses. It is only that I would give you, if I could, my inexhaustible inward cheer; that I might know that you walked through life wrapped in a star-enriched cloak, sheltering you from all that is small and trivial and disheartening.

O, Sonitschka, I recently suffered a keen anguish from the court where I go walking military fashion ten times a day, packed full with bags of soldiers' coats and shirts, often blood-stained. These are unloaded here, distributed among the cells, mended, then reloaded and returned to the army. Recently such a waggon came, spanned with buffaloes instead of horses. For the first time I saw these animals at close range. They are more broadly and powerfully built than our cattle, with flat heads and horizontally-carved horns. The skulls are rather like those of our sheep, quite black, with great liquid eyes. They come from Roumania—war-trophies. The soldiers who drive these waggons tell that it was very difficult to catch these animals accustomed to freedom, and still more difficult to break them in for dragging loads. They were frightfully beaten, so that the term *vae victis* applies. About a hundred of these animals are said to be in Breslau alone. Moreover, accustomed to the meadows of the Roumanian uplands, they receive only miserable and scanty fodder. They are heedlessly exploited, dragging every possible burden, and so quickly perish.

Several days ago a waggon laden with bags came in so heavily loaded that the buffaloes were unable to pass the threshold of the portal. The soldier who

was driving, a brutal fellow, began belaboring the beasts with the thick end of his whip, until the prison-superintendent, outraged, called him to task, asking whether he had no compassion for the animals. "No one has any compassion for us men either," he answered, with an ugly laugh, and went on more brutally still.

At last the beasts drew up over the hill, but one was bleeding. . . . Sonitschka, the hide of the buffalo is proverbially tough, and even this was bleeding. During the unloading, the beasts stood quite still, exhausted, and the one that bled looked before him with the expression, over his black face and in his dark, soft eyes, of a weeping child. It was exactly the look of a child which has been severely punished, and knows not why; knows not how to escape the brutal violence and the agony of it. I stood before him, and the beast looked upon me. My tears rolled down. His own tears they were. One cannot for his dearest brother, quiver in anguish greater than I, in my helplessness, did at this mute woe. How far, how utterly beyond reach, lost, the free, opulent pastures of Roumania! How otherwise the sun shone there, the winds blew! How otherwise were the bird-song and the musical calls of the herdsmen! And here—this alien, hideous town, the dank stables, the nauseating hay, mingled with rotting straw; strange, terrible men, and blows—the blood running from the fresh wound. . . . O buffalo, brother, we two stand together here, so helpless under the yolk—one only in our suffering, our impotence, our longing.

Meanwhile, the prisoners busied themselves about the waggon, unloaded the heavy bags, and dragged them into the building. The soldier pushed his hands into his pockets, strutted across the court, grinned, and whistled a popular song. And the whole glorious war passed before me.

Sonitscha, darling, be calm and of good cheer in spite of all. This is life, and we must accept it—brave, undismayed, and smiling.

ROSA LUXEMBOURG.

## The Marxist Viewpoint

### IS THE CAPITALIST NECESSARY?

At first sight it may appear that such a question as this is altogether superfluous. It is, of course, stated that the capitalist is a drone, a useless individual, that he is a parasite, and while this is sufficient for everyday purposes, it contains an element of weakness that can well lead to the building of only in the mind of all manner of queer phantasies. The element of weakness is the absence of any mention of the position of the capitalist from the historical and functional standpoint.

The Marxian analysis of society as a whole reveals and explains the conditions that made capitalist society possible, while the analysis of capitalist society itself shows the actual factors in it at work, while an understanding of the results so produced, taken in conjunction with the analysis of society as a whole, show the conditions of the passing of capitalist society, and the preliminary conditions of a further form of society. From this strictly evolutionary and dialectical standpoint alone is it of any value to approach such a question as Is the Capitalist Necessary? The reply is that the capitalist is necessary, but not for all time. When he will have fulfilled his historic mission, he will pass to the Lost Continent of the Spiritualist.

### REVOLUTION AND ECONOMICS.

The place of economics in proletarian education is seldom rightly estimated, and for the most part, be-

cause the evolutionary point of view is insufficiently stressed, if not wholly neglected. Capitalist production is too often discussed in a detached, blind way, with a remarkable neglect of the object Marx himself had in view—the exposure of the "economic law of motion of modern society." Our study of Marxian economies degenerates into mere mental gymnastics, unless it is given practical recognition as an essential part of the study of the entire social process. From the revolutionary standpoint, the importance of the Marxian analysis of capitalist production is great, in as much as it shows the present social form as a living organism, with the logical possibilities for its growth and decay, and how these bare upon the entire process of social evolution. Economic studies then, have a value, because, and only because, they are made with a proper consideration of the entire historical process, without which, indeed, a scientific study of the "pure" economic question is impossible.

### ABNORMAL OR NOTEWORTHY?

Events that only occur irregularly, or at great intervals seem to have acted as landmarks in history, and are the first for which an explanation was sought. The Marxian analysis of capitalist society does not regard any economic phenomenon as remarkable, or even beyond understanding. That which is not understood to-day is, with the further accumulation of knowledge, understandable. It first analyses the present method of production to the simple and basic element, the commodity. Hav-

ing established this elementary form, the entire capitalist system of production is reconstructed, each step taking into consideration additional factors, finally arriving at the everyday and superficial appearance of society.

At first sight, certain phenomena certainly appear strange, abnormal; and from the bourgeois standpoint they are abnormal; but the Marxian analysis showed that, considered in their interrelations, there are definite and unavoidable contradictions between the usual modes of existence of the particular phenomena themselves, springing from the very simple forms of the things themselves. When regarded in this way, superficial abnormalities become natural, and therefore unavoidable consequences of basic contradictions, and merely worthy of attention as such.

As "abnormality," which is well worth consideration, is the great over-production that is a feature of capitalist society, and of which the workers are being given an example at the present time.

Accumulation is a social necessity that cannot be avoided. A distinctive feature of Communist society will be the conscious accumulation of all things necessary for the benefit of society. So far as capitalism is a going concern, the capitalist having employed workers to produce commodities, he can only accumulate wealth by the sale of those commodities, when the surplus values are realised. By this sale and realisation, the capitalist has accomplished the first act of accumulation, and if he is to remain an active capitalist, rather than a hoarder of money, his original outlay must be reinvested. But the surplus values from the first cycle must also be reinvested, which, in its turn after the second cycle of

(Continued on Page 4.)



# The International Socialist

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RAY EVERITT ..... Managing Editor.

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# The "Trusted Leaders"

"Cure for Strikes," "Labor Leader Points the Way," "Lesson the Worker Must Learn." Such were the headings in heavy type over an article in the Sydney "Sun" of November 4, by Labor Leader Barnes, of England, originally appearing in the London "Sunday Herald."

When it is remembered that Barnes was one of those who assisted in conspiring the workers of England during the late war, and was one of Britain's signatories to the Versailles Treaty—a treaty which "Le Proletaire," a French Socialist paper, recently described as containing "nothing but germs of discord, hatred and economic anarchy"—the workers may be able to assess his "cure for strikes" at its true value.

In truth, Barnes' so-called cure is nothing but the old capitalistic one of "increased output," but the "Sun," no doubt, deems the cry may be more effective when coming from one whom it describes as a "trusted labor leader." Barnes' article, however, contains one paragraph which lends anything but weight, to say the least, to his plea for more production, and is incidentally characteristic of the loose and sloppy arguments of the average politician.

"The bogey of over-production," he says, "must be ruthlessly exposed. So long as there is a single child in need of food, clothing, or shelter, there cannot have been over-production. There can be too little of some things produced, and too much of others. For example, at the present moment there are bootmakers out of work because boots have been produced in such abundance. Yet there are thousands bootless!"

The "bogey" that must be so "ruthlessly exposed" would appear to be something more than a mere bogey to the bootmakers who worked themselves out of job, as well as to the bootless thousands, many of whom, no doubt, are bootless, because they have produced too many boots! They will find small consolation in the fact that, because of this need of boots, Mr. Barnes refuses to describe this phenomenon as over-production. For them the "need" for an increased output, instead of being a "lesson they must learn" from the pen of Mr. Barnes, would appear to be one which bitter experience would teach them to avoid.

The article further points out that despite the great demand for houses, there are thousands of builders unemployed, and our "trusted labor leader" argues that "if (!) those builders were employed they would be able to buy the surplus boots, and there would be more employment and prosperity in the boot trade." What a significant "if!" If Vesuvius had never existed, no doubt Pompeii to-day would be a flourishing city. Doubtless, also, there would be plenty of boots and houses for those who produce and build them, if the workers insisted on owning what they create, instead of allowing themselves to be the victims of that anarchical system of production so ingeniously described by Mr. Barnes, in which profit and rent are the aim to be attained instead of the needs of producers.

Mr. Barnes deprecates the teaching of those spokes-

# THE Revolutionary Outlook

By MARCIA.

## Valuable Dogs!

We are told that last week two men were charged with stealing a prize dog worth £100.

In this regard, when thinking of the lot of the working-class to-day, the following lines by Louis Untermyer, seem to hit the position well:

Lines to a Pomeranian Puppy, Valued at 3,500 dollars.

Often as I strain and stew,  
Digging in these dirty ditches,  
I have dared to think of you,  
You and all your riches.

Lackeys help you on and off,  
And the bed is silk you lie in.  
You have doctors when you cough,  
Priests when you are dying.

Wrapt in soft and costly furs,  
All sewed up with careful stitches,  
You cannot with proper ears,  
And with perfumed hanches.

You don't seem to struggle free,  
Work in fags and rotting breeches;  
Puppy, have a laugh at me,  
Digging in the ditches.

## His Services.

Mr. Hughes is to be presented with a gift of £25,000 for his services to his country and the Empire.

In reality, the Prime Minister is receiving this substantial honorarium as a reward for past, and an offer is made to perform future services on behalf of the master class of the British Empire.

Although the gift is a handsome voluntary contribution, and although it is a good thing to have been given an opportunity of adding thereto, it is quite obvious from where the bulk of the money has been collected. So far as the workers are concerned, we know well what they have to thank Mr. Hughes for: his frenzied support of the war and the passing of the War Precautions' Act, assiduous efforts to encourage conscription, and in every respect a biased betrayal of the class who sent him to Parliament in the belief that he had the interest of the workers at heart.

For these, and countless other merits, a stamp, J.D.L. is receiving his reward: a box of silver. Unfortunately, we are aware that Mr. Hughes will not stop at that; it would be worth handing him £25,000 if we had any hopes of J.D.L.'s example being followed to the bitter end.

men who, according to him, "demand that labor (meaning manual labor) should control not only industry, but society itself, and thus, with the sorry spectacle of bleeding Russia lying in a welter of ruin before their eyes." Here we must dissent for a moment to say to Mr. Barnes that he is a wilful perverter of the truth. He has been long enough in touch with the labor movement to know that its claim to control "industry and society" is based upon the indisputable fact that the laboring energy of the working class MENTAL AND PHYSICAL, applied to the natural resources, is the source of all material wealth, and that no such "demand" as he attributes to "manual labor" has ever been put forward. Labor leader Barnes, however, like his kindred in Australia, now uses the knowledge he has gained in the working class movement for the purpose of misrepresenting it in the interests of those to whom he has bartered his puny and treacherous soul.

In so far as the spectacle of "bleeding Russia lying in a welter of ruin" is in accordance with fact, the government in which Mr. Barnes was until but lately a Minister, with its allied Plunderbands, is entirely responsible. This "trusted leader" of the working class in England has all along acquiesced in the acts of his government in murdering, torturing, and starving the working class of Russia in Archangel and elsewhere; and he has recently resigned his Cabinet "honors" so that he may more effectively serve the aim of his late blood-guilty colleagues by his pretended solicitude for labor.

But indications are not wanting that the working classes of Great Britain are beginning to see through these masks of friendship. In the late miners' strike two such masqueraders were discovered in the persons of Hartshorn and Bruce, and their Satyr-like characteristics exposed in all their hideousness.

We may assure the "Sun" that in like manner Barnes' day as a "trusted" labor leader has gone. If it wishes to hoodwink the worker into its schemes for increased exploitation by means of increased output, it had better choose for its purpose someone whose hands are not actually stained with the blood of the working class. But then, it is so hard to find a labor leader whom the "Sun" would describe as "trusted," whose hands are entirely clean in this respect.

TOM GLYNN.

## Beware!

In the so-called repeal of the War Precautions' Act, the Federal Government is attempting to retain certain provisions, and give effect to even more drastic ones. If the proposed measures are carried, one will hardly be able to rail against the H.C.L. without becoming liable to a charge of sedition. And although Mr. Hughes stipulates that comment may be made on most things in "good faith," we must always remember that it is not the speaker, but the Government who has the final decision of what constitutes "good faith." In short, an attempt is being made to stifle still more a free expression of opinion, and to gag the militant propagandist.

The state of the workers is too inflammable to any heated speeches advisable, and Mr. Hughes is eager to nip all revolutionary propaganda in the bud.

As the movement advances, we must expect more such, and even more drastic repressive measures; but the Communist is not afraid, he recognises them as a sign of progress and prepares to meet them and fight them even though his liberty or his life is lost in the struggle.

## Spooks.

Quite a number of people are interesting themselves in Spiritualism lately. Frankly, Spiritualism may be comforting; but we are most concerned with material wants at the present time, and the workers will do well to leave off worrying about ghosts and devote their time and attention to changing a system which has always spelt slavery, into one which means certain freedom.

Economic security on this planet is worth any number of palaces, wings and diaphanous garments on the undiscoverable continent.

## TO THE I.W.W.

Special Message from the Communist International (Moscow).

Foreword by TOM GLYNN.

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## "DROP THE FETISH" A.S.P. AND W.I.L.U.

To the Editor of "The International Socialist"

In the Oct. 23rd issue of your journal you have made an appeal to us to "drop" our alleged "fetish," and to read certain specified documents issued by the Third International with the hope that we may join a proposed Communist Party.

As to the documents, we can gladlier inform Mr. Editor, by informing you that we already have them ready, even before your kind announcement. And we can further inform you, that we will appreciate this appeal of the Executive of the Third International to the I.W.W. for working unity. "That the political party and the revolutionary organisation must go forward shoulder to shoulder, towards a common goal, the abolition of capitalism." We can fairly say, that we realised the absolute necessity for this long before this appeal was consistently worked for its achievement. But you, Mr. Editor and your colleagues, say the same.

Have you forgotten our efforts, when we, as members of the Melbourne branch of your organisation, were desperately trying to achieve unity between the A.S.P. and the S.L.P.? Instead of your assistance, we had your opposition, and your false suggestion of trying to disrupt the Party. It was only when we saw the futility of trying to achieve unity (officials of both Parties being bent upon abusing of another instead of seriously discussing unity), and the further fact that the "International Socialist" was actually used to nullify our efforts towards industrial unity, that we decided to withdraw from the A.S.P. and put in our whole time and energy into the W.I.L.U.

We realised then, as we do now, that there will be no real effective revolutionary political party without a revolutionary industrial organisation to back it up. Your hypocritical endorsement of the principles of industrial unionism reminds us of the endorsement of theoretical socialism by the "patriotic" traitor "socialists" of Europe with their grim determination to prevent its practical application.

We are utopian! Why? Because we believe (?) in



# The Irish Tragedy

(Continued from Last Week.)

## BRITAIN'S REAL MOTIVE.

What, then, is Britain's real motive for its bull-dog grip of Erin's Isle? Ireland stands between Britain and the Atlantic Ocean, on which British ships must freely sail, in case of war, to preserve the people's food supplies. If Ireland were an independent republic and formed an alliance with America, which Bottomley in "John Bull" now calls "Britain's Next Enemy," then in the event of a war (which is coming on much faster than the late war with Germany) Irish ports would be the base of operations of the American fleet, and Irish soil would be the base of operations of the American army. Britain might thus be bottled up by America and Ireland combined, as Britain bottled up Germany and starved her into surrender.

That this war with America is approaching fast I prove in another pamphlet written last year (1919) and entitled "The Coming War with America."

Lord Leverhulme has bought up some of the isles off the west coast of Scotland, Lewis and Harris particularly, not only to catch fish but to make harbours, roads, houses, stores, railways, etc., for the British navy in case of war with America. For the same reason Straumar is being also made a big fishing centre. So, also, are necessary precautions being taken in the British Channel, south of Ireland.

Last year I calculated that this war was bound to come in five or six years' time; but recent events show the fight may burst out at any moment. The five big bully-beef trusts of Chicago, helped by the bankers, are trying to corner the world's food supplies; so also is Britain. The Standard Oil Trust of America, backed by all the big interests of America, is making desperate efforts to corner the oil supply of the world; so also with Britain. Both sides are accusing the other of greedily trying to monopolise the world's oil resources. America is in process of stealing Mexico to use Mexican oil on her navy in case of "eventualities"; Britain has stolen Egypt outright now, and is in process of stealing Mesopotamia and Persia to secure the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, which dominates the oil and mineral resources of those countries and in which the British Government has millions of pounds.

Britain has determined to run her naval and merchant fleet with oil and get out of the clutches of the Miners' Federation, particularly the revolutionary

a "100 per cent. organisation." But who said we did? Well, the Executive of the Third International accused the I.W.W. of it, and you, parrot-like, flung it at us. Can you not do some original thinking of your own? We challenge you to show where we ever stated that it was essential for the last worker to join up before we could have revolution. Ah! But we believe in "building the structure of the new society in the shell of the old." Well, what of it. Did capitalist society in its infancy or chick stage drop from the sky, or was it born and bred in the old Feudal shell? Is the capitalist shell an empty one? Does it not contain a chick, still in the process of development, in the shape of industrial organisation, but yet lacking consciousness of its mission? We challenge you to show how a social revolution is possible without industrial unionism. "The new society," says the Executive of the Third International, "is not to be built in the shell of the capitalist system." But, "the struggle for industrial unionism (the new society) is a factor for the development of communist clearing and for the grasping of the night." With all due respect for the Third International, we should like this contradiction explained.

"Job control under capitalism." Why is it utopianism, sheer utopianism? Was there no job control under capitalism during the reign of Kerensky? When you compel the employer to hire his labour through the union, and restrict his power to exploit and rob to his heart content, what is it, if not partial control of the job? This control is not absolute; no one contended that it was, as it would mean the end of capitalism. And we are not the I.W.W. in need to be told of the necessity of revolutionary political action to achieve it. Finally, you say that the "future of the industrial movement in Australia belongs to the W.I.U. of A." But, it being one of the "utopias," how can it have a future? Is this a sample of the A.S.P.'s endorsement, not of industrial unionism, but, revolutionary industrial unionism?

As for ourselves, we stand for the latter. And as soon as the W.I.U. of A. demonstrates to us that it intends to be a genuine democratic organisation, building from the bottom up and standing true to its revolutionary preamble, instead of treating it as so much scrap of paper, we will be quite willing to throw in our lot with it; but until then, our place is in the W.I.U.

Yours for industrial unity to pave the way for political unity and action—

M. FEINBURG,  
V. PETRUCHENIA,  
Wm. M. MORRIS,  
J. A. DAWSON.

South Wales miners. Hence the need to control the oil resources of the world. Hence the present bitter fight with America to get a controlling grip over these resources.

This delicate situation, admitted by Sir H. Wilson to be as critical as the one in July, 1914, explains why Britain allowed Comrade Krassin to come to London and see Lloyd George. Up till the present Britain had blockaded Russia, refused to see Russia's reason Straumar is being also made a big fishing trade representatives, and refused to trade with that vast Communist country. Why has she so suddenly reversed her policy? The only feasible explanation is that she fears the American situation, and wishes to secure food and raw materials, particularly Russian oil, in case of a breakdown of good relationships with America. Do not be deceived into believing that Britain's new Russian policy is dictated by humanitarian motives. It is for selfish ends that dictate her policy all the time and every time.

## BRUTAL TREATMENT OF IRELAND.

Her brutal treatment of Ireland, more blatant today than ever before, denotes that quite clearly. Immediately the Armistice was signed more troops poured into Ireland, not as a precaution against a possible rising but as an irritant. Meetings were deliberately suppressed by brutal arrogance, then football matches and other sports were stopped and the spectators and players scattered with violence; concerts and entertainments were forbidden—even a concert run to provide money to establish a Labour College in Dublin, in fact, the social life of the people was calculatedly interfered with to create an open rising that would give Britain the chance of having an "Amritsar" in Ireland to settle the Irish race and generation at least. Those of us who are conversant with the irritating methods adopted in prisons, at Socialist meetings, and in Ireland can readily realise that the people of Amritsar were irritated by British army provocateurs into the poisoning of General Dyer that afforded the excuse for the most bloodthirsty butchery ever perpetrated by any conquering race. If the Irish had shot down and wounded as many Orangemen in the streets of Belfast, what a hellish howl the prostitute pressmen, politicians, and pulpites of Britain would have set up!

The Irish only escaped a "blood bath" by calmly and meekly submitting to every calculated effort to arouse them to violence. Senator Walsh and others from America visited Ireland, got the drift of affairs, and then returned to America to place the plight of Ireland before America. America was only too pleased to find some excuse for blackening Britain, and America saw that the world learned all about Britain's brutalities in Ireland (and India, Egypt, and the West Indies, too, I daresay). British patriots cannot complain of America doing this, as Britain has similarly blackened the Turks for massacring Armenians, Germans for massacring women and children, and Russians for running the whole gamut of social crime.

Thereafter, De Valera went to America to get funds to help the Irish Parliament or Dail Eireann. Appeals for funds also appeared in the Irish press. Then followed suppressions right and left, as Britain was determined to stand no rival Parliament in Ireland:

Sept. 20.—The entire Republican press in Ireland was suppressed.

Oct. 15.—Sinn Fein and Republican organisations in Dublin suppressed.

Oct. 21.—Weekly meetings of Sinn Fein Central Club suppressed.

Nov. 21.—Military and police raid headquarters of the Republican Government and arrest and imprisonment of the staff.

Nov. 27.—Sinn Fein and Republican organisations suppressed throughout Ireland.

Dec. 10.—Sinn Fein and Republican headquarters ordered to be closed.

Dec. 12.—Sinn Fein leaders, including Secretary of the Sinn Fein organisation, arrested in Dublin and provinces and deported without trial. Republican headquarters again raided and literature confiscated.

During 1919, and the early months of 1920, sixty-six of the Irish M.P.'s elected in 1918 were sent to prison after farces of a trial or without a trial at all.

Only seven escaped prison by leaving Ireland shortly after their election in 1918.

Since the Municipal Elections in January, 1920, thirty-five councillors have been arrested, and attempts have been made to arrest at least thirty-six other councillors.

On March 3 armed military raided the Women Workers' Club, the Irish Women Workers' Union, Liberty Hall, the Socialist Party of Ireland headquarters, the Grocers' Assistants' Union headquarters, and the Irish Drapers' Assistants' headquarters—all in Dublin. At the same time Alderman Wm. O'Brien, the leader of the Irish Labour Movement, was snatched away and smuggled into England, where he was kept in prison without trial.

Immediately after that it was learned that on

March 1, 1920, Mr. Alan Bell had commanded high bank officials to appear at the Police Court, Inns Quay, Dublin, with all books and documents used in their banks, so that they might be examined by Government officials. The purpose was to trace all Sinn Fein moneys, and also to know all the business of prominent supporters of the Sinn Fein cause so as to crush them down to poverty.

Bell issued the summonses as Resident Magistrate for the County of Dublin. He first appeared as an assistant to Jas. E. French, chief of the English Secret Service in Ireland. As a result of Wm. O'Brien's exposures in 1884 of Dublin Castle immorality, French was convicted of unnatural crime. Bell acted as his agent-provocateur in the West of Ireland in the Land League times, one of his exploits being the arrest of Henry George, author of "Progress and Poverty," during his visit to Ireland in the eighties. Bell was the secret agent of the London "Times" during the Piggot forgeries' case, in which Piggot confessed he had been bribed to forge the handwriting of Parnell so as to involve Parnell in high treason. But for the confession Parnell might have been shot. Since then Bell carried on his dirty work as an English spy in Ireland.

He is the scoundrel dragged in broad daylight from a Dublin car and shot. What self-respecting man or woman can blame the Irish for ridding the earth of such a foul skunk? Who ever was sorry for Judas?

## IRISH "CRIME."

When even the first suppressions in September failed to draw the Irish into open revolt, the British Government had to do something to justify its base, brutal and bloody occupation of plucky Ireland. My opinion is that it, through Dublin Castle, arranged the assassination of detectives and police and then blamed the Irish. The culmination came when it arranged the attempt on Lord French near the spot where Cavendish and Burke were killed in the eighties. French was in an armoured motor. Unfortunately for Britain, few sensible people pitied the Flanders' failure, and doubtless many who lost sons under French would not have been at all sorry had he crossed the black stream. It is certain that the day the Irish wish to put his lights out, off he goes.

The Government seized the excuse to arm the police with bombs and convert police stations into barracks. Then the Irish began those attacks on the police system that have absolutely demoralised it; in fact, have virtually broken it up altogether. The Government now seeks, by faked statistics, to show that the Irish have done this for ordinary criminal purposes.

As a matter of fact there is no crime the Government has not incited the police and soldiers to perpetrate in this war to the knife with Ireland. Since May, 1916, till December, 1919, the Government in Ireland has been responsible for 59 murders, 2084 deportations, 575 armed assaults on unarmed civilians, 14,153 raids on private houses, 5041 arrests, 2038 sentences, 369 proclamations and suppressions, 53 suppressions of papers, 506 court-martials; a total of 25,378. Since January, 1920, matters have become worse. Let us take the week ending April 17: Raids, 1135; arrests, 260; sentences, 2; proclamations and suppressions, 2; courts-martial, 2; armed assaults, 16; deportations, 92; murders, 4; a total of 1513.

## A MILD RAID DESCRIBED.

The following letter was sent on March 9, 1920, by Major Erskine Childers, D.S.O., to the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, General Headquarters, Dublin. Childers is the son of a former Chancellor of the Exchequer. His famous novel, "The Riddle of the Sands," warned England of the German menace. He has also written one of the volumes of the London "Times" "History of the War."

"Sir,—I received the honour of a visit last night from a tank belonging to your command at the somewhat inconvenient hour of 1 a.m. I do not demur at this. War is war. But I suggest that it might be in the ultimate interest both of the visitors and the visited on these occasions if a code of etiquette or deportment were imposed upon the former. It would, perhaps, be unreasonable to complain of bayonets being flashed in the eyes of my small boy in his cot, and of similar means of impressing the household generally with a proper awe of the forces under your command. But it is a matter of legitimate complaint that a young subaltern (of by no means attractive appearance, if you will forgive me), should, on entering the house, stroll into my drawing room in my presence puffing a cigarette, and should continue to refresh himself in this manner after I had invited him to desist. The trifling scene which ensued was ended by the intervention of another officer of no less polished manners, who decreed an ingenious compromise under which the cigarette was to be thrown unextinguished upon the carpet. 'Upon the carpet,' was the express injunction delivered with studied insolence by this carpet-knight.

"Thus I was to win my point about the consumption of the cigarette, and he was to save his dignity by burning a hole in my carpet.

"The point may seem trivial, but is it so! When armies are eventually withdrawn from occupied territory—and may I, without the least offence, express the hope that yours will be eventually withdrawn from ours—it is of the most vital importance to the future relations of the nations concerned that



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an army should leave behind it a record for civility and humanity in the performance even of its most obnoxious duties. Surely none can be more obnoxious and more easily provocative of exasperation than these midnight raids upon civilians' houses, about 19,000 of which have taken place, I understand, in the last two years, often, as in my case, on false information, and often resulting in indignities and hardships infinitely worse than anything I experienced.

"Though I am no longer a member of the British Army, long service in it during the war, and the regard which I still retain for the best among its traditions, encourages me to address these remarks for your consideration.—I have the honor to remain, faithfully yours,

"ERSKINE CHILDERS (late Major, R.A.F.)"

That the attacks on the Irish are continuous, widespread, and numerous is proved by the statistics issued by the Sinn Feiners themselves. Here is a typical 1920 week's work by Dublin Castle, ending April 17:—

Raids, 1736; arrests, 260; sentences, 2; proclamations, 2; courts-martial, 2; armed assaults, 16; deportations, 92; murders, 4. This information is carefully suppressed by the Government, so that ordinary people may be forced to come to entirely wrong conclusions as to the real situation in Ireland.

**ACTS OF ENGLISH AGGRESSION IN IRELAND.**

1919.—Feb. 12, Pat Gavin shot dead by soldiers at Curragh Camp; April 6, Robt. Byrne shot dead by police in Limerick Hospital; April 26, M. Walsh shot dead by police at Dungarvan; April 29, two men shot by police at Longford; June 5, Matthew Murphy, Dundalk, shot dead by soldiers at Dundalk; June 16, Michael Rice (60 years) and his son, Martin, shot dead in his house by police; Aug. 14, F. Murphy, Glan (15 years) shot dead by soldiers firing into his father's house at midnight; Sept. 9, Fermoy sacked by soldiers; Oct. 10, boy shot at Banbridge by police; Nov. 6, Kinsale sacked by soldiers; Nov. 12, Cork partly sacked by soldiers; Nov. 20, motorists shot by police at Sligo for not halting; Nov. 24, civilians shot at Tipperary by police; Dec. 29, Laurence Kennedy murdered by police at Phoenix Park, Dublin.

1920.—Jan. 6, Dr. Keams, Enniscorthy, shot by police while on his medical rounds; Jan. 19, civilians at Enniscorthy shot by police; Nov. 20, M. Darcy, Cooraclare, drowned while police held off would-be rescuers; Jan. 22, Thurles wrecked by soldiers; Feb. 4, man and girl shot dead in Limerick by soldiers and police; Feb. 14, Jas. O'Brien shot dead at Rathdrum by police.

So I might continue itemising the bloody butchery right down to the time of writing this pamphlet, were I not sick of the whole murderous business.

**IRELAND'S REPLY.**

To expect the Irish to expect crushing and blackening both is to stretch expectation and endurance beyond the limit. So the Irish have naturally replied by laying low policemen and detectives. Policemen are now resigning by the hundred. Police barracks have been blown up and policemen driven from

whole stretches of the country. The Sinn Feiners are, however, establishing their own police and their own courts, which now control 21 of Ireland's 32 counties. Britain's police system is virtually destroyed in vast stretches of Ireland, never again to be re-established.

Naturally, also, Irish men and women have followed the example of the London dockers, who took their cue from "The Daily Herald" and refused to load the "Jolly George" with ammunition for Poland. Irishmen now refuse to supply the Army of Occupation with the food which it may be used to kill themselves with. This is surely the most sensible thing Irish men have ever done in their history and for good reason. Irish Labour may call on its own men to force the withdrawal of troops from Ireland. Men and Irish railwaymen have asked the Executive Committee of the National Union of Railwaysmen, which is taking action to prevent ammunition being sent to Ireland. The N.U.R. has put the responsibility on the shoulders of the Triple Alliance—Trades Union of Workers, Miners, and N.U.R.—and the Triple Alliance is slipping the responsibility on to the old and old foggies who constitute the Triple Alliance Congress Committee. By the time these benevolent gentlemen make up their mind to deputise the Prime Minister, Ireland will have established a Republic and have then passed on to a Socialist Republic.

Are the rank and file going to side with the Government, or are they going to side with the men who are taking direct action themselves?

Britain is pouring more and more troops into Ireland, and now the navy is being called in. A terrible tragedy may be perpetrated by Britain before Labour has realised the full gravity of the situation. It is, therefore, essential that direct action be taken very soon.

The real centre of the Irish fight is the 16th and the Transport Workers' Union, headed by the mighty Jim Larkin, now doing ten years in an Australian prison because he was an active member of the Communist Party, and carried on by the martyred Jim Connelly till Easter Week, 1916.

Should Ireland get a Republic, the Sinn Feiners then burst out and be fought out till Irish Labour wins and establishes Communism finally again in the "Old Country."

This new phase in Irish life ought to be the inciting influence to British Labour, for Labour everywhere must ally against the common enemy, Capitalism, and destroy it to make way for World Communism.

The victory of British and Irish Labour will pave the way for American Labour, the triumph of which will eliminate the possibility of the threatened war with America.

Ireland's victory is obviously the unshakable prelude to Labour's triumph throughout the world, when robbery shall give place to justice in the mighty Communist Commonwealth, and when, with the scrapping of armies and navies, mankind can live in peace to enjoy the fruits of their labour.

**The Marxist Viewpoint**

(Continued from front Page.)

production, result in a further sum of surplus value. In this way does capitalist production accumulate values. And since the capitalist must grow by the process, and since he must continue in his expansion, once started, the capitalist continues to produce commodities irrespective of their ultimate consumption.

But as there is both a natural and economic limit to the consumption of commodities, there develops a condition in which the capitalist cannot sell his commodities. He is then unable to realise the unpaid labor, and the productive process comes to a standstill. He has been accumulating for the sake of accumulating.

This is the anarchy of capitalist society. In addition to the great accumulation of capital by the capitalists, and the great accumulation of commodities, there appears in capitalist society a remarkable, but in no wise abnormal, fact that there are great numbers of workers who are in need of those commodities as use-values, but who have not the money to buy them from the capitalist or merchant. They go bare-footed and hungry, while stone houses are packed with what they need. This, but one of the many contradictions of capitalist society. Though they hurt the bourgeois sense of justice, though it may mean sorrow and starvation, this is the inevitable consequence of the capitalist method of production and exchange. Starvation and plenty is but the normal condition of capitalist society.

—A. T. B.

**WET WEATHER**

On Wet Sundays when no meeting can be held in Sydney Domain, there will be a meeting in the Sydney Branch Hall, Liverpool Street.

**TO UNATTACHED SUPPORTERS.**

I have been asked that the prospective members of the A.S.P. should be made aware of the fact that the A.S.P. is not a political party. As a political party it would be bound to support a particular candidate in the coming election, and in doing so it would be bound to the interests of the candidate, and not to the interests of the A.S.P.

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